

Everyone knows the biblical story of the passover. The angel of death turned aside only at the doors of the chosen people. The first-born of all others were slain. There is a chosen people today, at whose doors the angel of death turns aside and whose first-born escape unscathed while the children of others perish. The chosen people are the healthy people. Nine-tenths of the deaths among children are due to the ill-health of the mothers during the period preceding childbirth. Every woman owes it to herself, her husband and her children to keep herself healthy in a womanly way. She should thoroughly understand her own physical make-up. She should realize the importance of keeping the organs of womanhood healthy and vigorous. She can only do this by taking proper care of herself and using the proper remedy for weakness or disease of those organs.

The best remedy for weakness or disease of the organs peculiar to women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is truly wonderful in its effects on the female organism. It always inflammation, soothes pain and restores health and vigor. Get it at the drug-gist's and take no substitute. Your health and your children's health depend upon it.

Since I wrote you we have had a baby girl born to us," writes W. R. Malcolm, of Knobel, Clay Co., Ark. "My wife took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and also your 'Favorite Prescription' all during the expectant period and until confinement, and she had no trouble to mention. A stronger, healthier child was never born. Our child will be one year of age the 8th inst., and has not been sick a day. Has not had so much as a cold since."

Every woman in America should own a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. In its 1,000 pages she will find plain talks about all sorts of ailments. These talks are made plainer by copious illustrations. About 90 pages are devoted to woman's diseases and weaknesses. There are suggestions for home-treatment. This book has already gone into more than a million homes. The original price was \$1.50. Now an edition in paper covers is being distributed FREE. Send 21 one-cent stamps—this pays for mailing only—to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. If a copy bound in fine cloth is desired, send 10 cents extra—at cents in all.

N. & W. Norfolk and Western
Schedule in Effect
November 8, 1896.

WESTBOUND LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY

5:45 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol, intermediate stations and the South and West. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas.

4:25 p. m. the Chicago Express for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus. Also for Pulaski, Wytheville, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

From Norfolk 5:30 a. m.; 4:15 p. m.
From Hagerstown 5:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.
From Winston 1:15 p. m.
From Bristol and the West 1:35 p. m.; 11:10 p. m.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY

1:50 p. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

1:45 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.
11:30 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleepers Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

11:35 p. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily 4:00 p. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) daily 2:00 p. m. and 8:00 a. m. daily, except Sunday (Campbell street station) for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.

For all additional information apply at ticket office or to W. B. Bevil, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.

M. F. Bragg, Traveling Passenger Agent.

PROFESSIONAL.

EVERETT PERKINS,
Attorney-at-Law and Commissioner in Chancery.

Lock-Box 110, Roanoke, or Room 10, Second Floor Kirk Law Building.

Dr. J. W. Senones

Dentist,
132 Salem Ave.

Over Traders' Loan & Trust Co.

Much In a Name.

"Is your new pony fast?"

"Yes; so fast that I've named him What Ma Says."

"That's a queer name?"

"Yes, but what Ma says goes."—New York Journal.

A cubic foot of distilled water weighs very nearly 1,000 ounces.

Raphael is said to have conceived, in dreams, the ideas of some of his greatest pictures.

"Let's hear it thin."

"Arrah now, maybes ye won't be loikin' it."

"How can I tell ye till I hear it."

"Well, this the way it goes." Wild that I takes the kyard out av me pocket an reads it:

If married likes ye wud enjoy, just as av Kate O'Flynn. To be your own wud give her joy. Terence, go in an win.

"Ach, 'tis lovely. Are ye after comin' in yer life?" she asks.

"Niver a word. 'Twas from Barney the postman I got it this mornin'." "His wonderin' I am who cud have sent it. But compose it or not, 'tis a hint I'm after takin'. An now mayvornen, ye'll be cool no longer? I luv ye to distraction, an if ye'd only say the word 'tis yer own devoted Terence I'll be from now to me dyin' ind."

Here I gets me chair up beside her again, an thin all the shy wint out av me at wanst. I puts me arm round her waist an tries to draw her to me. But before I cud kiss her she twists herself away an sez she:

"Is it in earnest ye are, Terence?"

"It is," sez I; "dead earnest."

"Well," sez she, "d'ye promise to be true, true till death, as the pote sez?"

"I do."

"An will ye niver lave me, deceive me, nor grive me?"

"Niver, me own jewel."

"An if I marry ye will ye always get up first in the mornin' an put on the fire an give me a cup av tay in bed?"

"Dade will I, me darlint, me precious wan."

"Thin I'm yers for iver an a day longer, Terence, me bhoey. Ye may kiss me—just wan now. Oeh, oeh, ye murtherin' thafe. How many d'ye want?" she cries, for be this time I had her in me arms an was tastin' the delicious lips av her.

After that 'twas the delightful evenin' we had intirely. Sittin' there at the fire, sez Katie to me:

"Ye can't tell yet who sent ye that kyard wid the poetry?"

"Sure an I haven't the laste notion."

"Well, Terence, 'tis thinkin' I am I can tell ye if ye won't be angry."

"Angry, mayvornen, 'tis delishted I'll be. 'Tis the finest lather I iver seen."

"Arrah, thin, 'twas seem I was ye was that shy wud niver spake yer luv widout encouragin' an as 'tis 'tear year an 'twas wishin' to see ye happy I was, why, 'twas just meself that sent ye that wee poem av me own composure."

"Ye mane it—three?" I cries delighted.

"Faix, 'tis not a word av a lie I'm after tellin' ye," sez she.

"Thin hooray for leap year!" I shouts. "An ye're the grandest pote av iver was. Sure ye'll be after givin' me another kiss or maybes two, as a thirde more encouragin', wudn't ye now?"

Loike the jewel she is, she encouragin' me again.

Be the time ye read this 'tis married we hope to be, for I'm just after seein' Father Donovan about the weddin'—Scottish Nights.

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"I have written poems, essays, plays, criticisms and stories. I have ranged in my work from the most profound metaphysics to the veriest rough and tumble humor of the day. Disposing of political problems, removing the clouds of mysticism, accounting by natural laws for what has been regarded as supernatural, producing the most beautiful conceits in the realms of romance, writing under the inspiration of propitious muses and showing myself the incarnation of true wit, I have done a vast labor for the good of humanity and have nothing to show for it but dusty piles of unaccepted manuscript. No wonder that ambition is crushed and that the fruits of my endeavor seem as the apples of Sodom."

"Brace up, old man," advised his friend Lettorgue. "You are not the first genius to suffer the pangs of the unappreciated. Keep plugging away with a stiff upper lip. Never say die, my man. Get your name before the public and make the people talk about you. I can have your name paraded in every newspaper and magazine that you want, provided you follow my advice."

"Commit some crime, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Advertise your wares. Blow like a side show man. Run your picture with every advertisement. Pay in advance, and the world will learn for the first time that there is such a hidden treasure as yourself."—Detroit Free Press.

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Plain Bread Would Do.

The Lady at the Kitchen Door—No, I've nothing for you. Find it very hard to make both ends meet these days.

Blizzard Bill—If youse will make both ends bread and never mind de meat, I'll be pufkely satisfied, mum.—Baltimore News.

Anesthesia and Publicity.

Dentist (as the patient opens his eyes)—It's out.

Patient (still dizzy from the gas)—Yes, of course. I never got drunk in my life that it didn't get out.

TERENCE.

Now, I won't be after tellin' ye a word av a lie—'twas always fond I was av the gyrls. To me the soight av a purty blue eyed colleen was all me loife as refreshin as a drop av potheen, but ach, 'tis terrible trouble I've always been wid the shy. An so ye see, though 'tis 40 year old I am this very month, I'm nothin' but an old bachelor after all.

'Twas a long toime I had a notion av Misthress Katie O'Flynn that has a nate bit furrum at Ballyboggan, but niver a word av luv cud I say to her, all because av the shy. Howandiver, maybes—but wait till I tell ye now.

Wan coddle mornin' this very wake I resaved a letter an 'twas a quare wan, so it was. Indade me letter was nothin' at all at all but wan av thim post kyards that codd Barney the postman so fond av bringin' to people, since 'tis the inquisitive old fella he is to be sure. On the post kyard was nothin' but four lines av the luveliest poetry ye iver seen. 'Twas this:

If married likes ye wud enjoy, just as av Kate O'Flynn. To be your own wud give her joy. Terence, go in an win.

Barney was grinnin' all over whin he handed me the kyard, so he was, so sez I to him:

"Ach ye ould spalpeen, ye've been after readin' me privit correspondence."

"I have," sez he, "but where's the harm? An sure 'tis the best av advice ye've after gettin', Terence, me boy."

"Faix an ye're roight, Barney, but d'ye think she'd be after lookin' twice at a gossion loike me?"

"Why not?" sez he. "Misthress O'Flynn is not so young as she looks. 'Tis the illigant bhoey ye are intirely."

"Aisy now, Barney, aisye," sez I. "Don't be after aspersin' the luveliest av her sex. But I know ye don't mane nothin' dishrespective. I wonder who was after sendin' me this kyard now."

Barney winks at me. "I wonder," sez he, an he walks off down the street whistlin' "Kate Kearney" as clear as a lark.

Well, that kyard made me feel bould, so the same evenin' I dresses meself in me best, puts on me caubeen, takes me shillalah in me hand, an sets off for Misthress O'Flynn's furrum at Ballyboggan.

Whin I gets to the dure, I knocks as bould as brass, an who should open it but the luvly widda herself.

"Good evenin, Misthress O'Flynn," sez I. "Is it all alone ye are?"

"'Tis," sez she, "will ye be sittin' down?"

"I will," sez I. "Wid all the plazure in loife."

Wid that I goes in, an she shuts the dure, an into the kitchen we goes an sits down at the fire.

"'Tis a coddle evenin'," sez I.

"'Tis that," sez she.

For the loife av me I cud say no more after that, an so I sat twistin' me caubeen between me hands an wonderin' how I was to say what I'd come for. Thin I sez:

"'Tis a gran fine ye have there. 'Tis a foine thing for a coddle evenin'."

"'Tis that," sez she. Thin we sat still for another space av toime. She was knittin' somethin' wid rid wool, so sez I:

"'Tis the foine warrum color for coddle weather is rid," sez I.

"'Tis that," sez she.

I was after thinkin' I must have offendin' her in some way, an might be steppin' home again widout a word av luv, but I determined to have another try, so I sez:

"Is it not lonely ye are sittin' here at night's all by yerself?" sez I.

"'Tis not," sez she. "I'm after enjoyin' the best av company."

"Who's that?" sez I.

"Just meself, an no other," sez she.

"Och sure now, ye can't mane it. Whin ye're all by yerself ye must be feelin' an achin' void this worruld can niver fill, as the pote sez."

"Thru for ye—I do sometimes."

"I was sartin av it, acushla. Where is it, at all, at all? Is it in yer heart now?"

"No," sez she, "'tis in me hollow wisdom tooth."

"Ach now," sez I, "'twas always fond av yer joke ye was, Misthress O'Flynn."

"Sorra joke there is about it, Misthress Magee—unless ye call it a joke to have a feelin' in yer jaw loike a ridhot needle eithin' away at double coddle toime to the tune av 'The Wind That Shakes the Barley.'"

"'Tis longin' I am to comfort ye, alannah. Wud ye not be after givin' me an engagin' as residin' physician?"

Faiz, an 'tis meself wud be after chasin' away from ye the toothache, the headache, the heartache, an all the other achas that flesh is heir to, as the pote sez."

"'Tis thinkin' I am I'd be safer wid a dentist for the toothache than wid an ould omdhaun loike ye, an as for the other achas ye mention I niver have none av thim."

"What, niver no heartache, whin ye're sittin' here all alone in the evenin'?" sez I, sittin' up close to her an thryin' to slip me arrum round her waist.

"Get along wid ye," she cries, liftin' her chair along the flure. "'I niver seen a man loike ye for insultin' motions. Kape yer arrum down."

"Ach sure now, mayvornen, 'tis tired wid hangin' down all the evenin'."

"Well thin, hold it up above yer head to rest it."

"That wud be too high intirely. 'Twud be high enough if I kept it just about the height av yer luvly neck."

An besides, that wud kape the coddle away from ye, an thin I cud kill two birds wid wan stone, as the pote sez."

"Maybes, but sorra fave av me bein' wan av thim birds yer pote talks av."

"Is it fond av poetry ye are, acushla?"

"At toimes—good poetry."

"Well," sez I, "I have some gran poetry in me pocket. Maybes ye'd loike to hear it."

"I might. What's it about?"

"Sure now 'tis about yer luvly silf, an no wan else."

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RESIDENCES.
No 225 Shawandale avenue n. w., nine rooms, per month, \$15.00.
House on Bibb street n. e., three rooms, per month, \$3.00.
Three houses on Oxford avenue, Norwich, six rooms each, per month, \$3.50.
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